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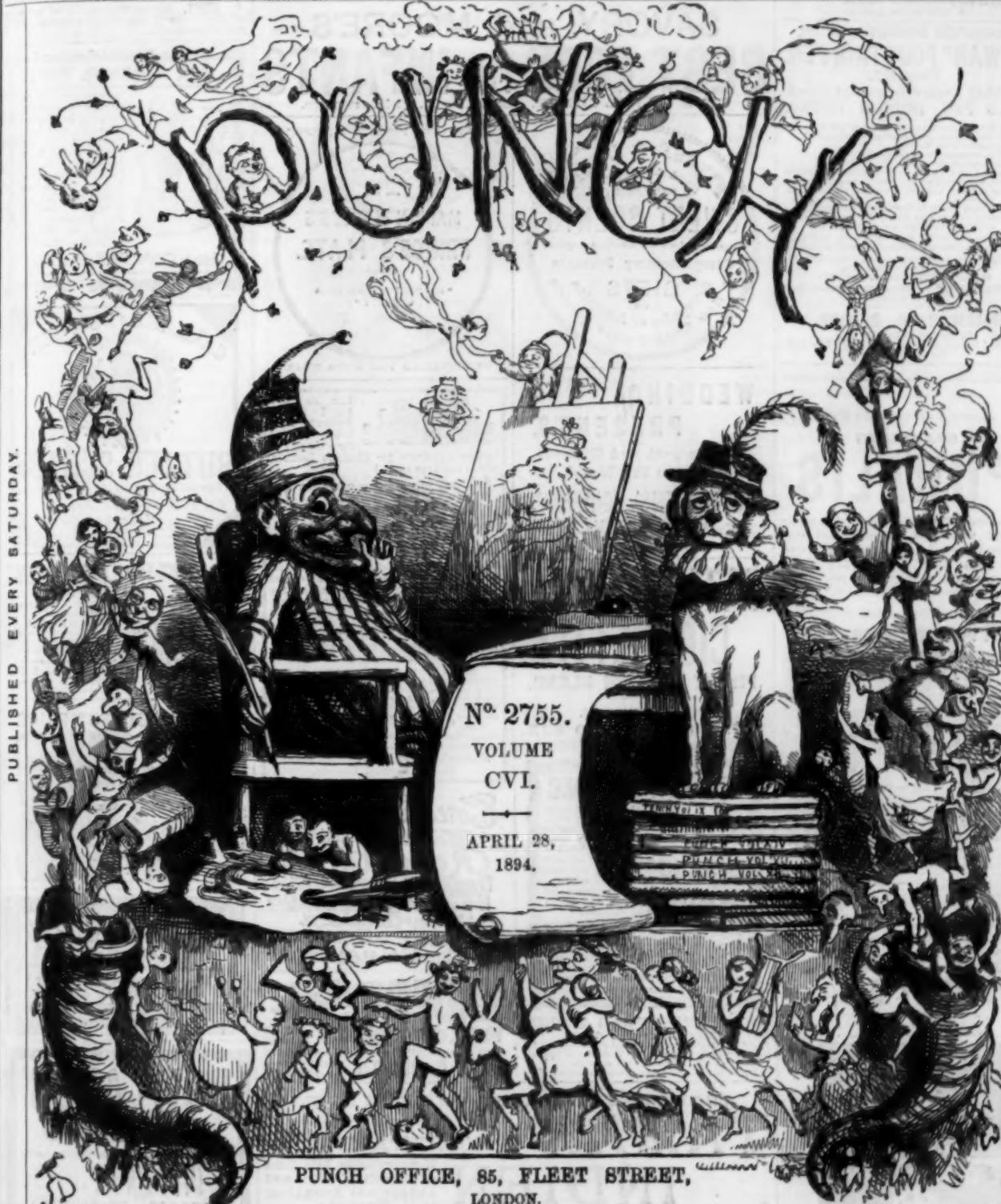
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ON FAUST.

SIR.—Putting aside the admirable acting of HENRY IRVING as *Mephistopheles*, of ELLEN TERRY as *Margaret*, and of MR. TERRIS as *Faust*, and dismissing from our minds any particular representation of the play, what a "queer story" (apologising to the proprietor of *Truth* for using this title) is this same tale of *Faust* and *Margaret*! Is *Mephistopheles* the "very devil incarnate," or is he a subordinate fiend? If he is the devil himself, why all this trouble to catch one soul, to the apparent neglect of business all over the world? Is *Faust* so big a fish as to warrant his monopolising the entire attention of *Mephistopheles*?

Mephistopheles is a Cretan of Cretans. When can you believe him? When he pledges his word to the bond that *Faust* signs, or when, as in GOETHE's dramatic poem, he says, "Hace I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warden,—do thou possess thyself of the keys, and lead her forth with human hand. I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power!" But surely so much was almost in the power of any artful human being, provided always that the gaolers would yield to the temptation of drink (with a soporific admixture in it), or could be otherwise "got at" with a bribe.

The compact entered into between Dr. Henry *Faustus* on the one part, and *Mephistopheles* on the other, is in these terms, dictated by the Doctor himself:

If ever to the passing hour I say,
"So beautiful thou art, I thy flight
delay!"

Then round my soul thy fitters throw;

Mephistopheles with several "Monkeys" on in the Kitchenswitchen Scene.

But what happens? At the supreme moment when *Margaret* yields herself to *Faust*, *Mephistopheles* is off duty! Then has the

moment specified in the contract arrived, then and not afterwards, both delinquents willingly sinning, and *Faust* appreciating the present moment to the very uttermost. Then, according to the bond, should *Mephistopheles* have stepped in. He could have captured both fish at one haul. Yet *Mephistopheles* allows this time to pass, and, at a moment when *Faust*'s sentiments towards the world are distinctly in opposition to those mentioned in the conditions of the bond, the satirical jesting fiend, of power limited, says, "Come with me," and with him *Faust* has to go, in spite of the voice of *Margaret* heard in the air crying faintly, "HENRY! HENRY!"—which, by the by, might have been legitimately and appropriately retained in the Lyceum version. If *Mephistopheles* can take him, at any time, without reference to the stipulated conditions, why were they ever brought into the bond?

And there's this peculiarity about *Mephistopheles*, namely, that, as a personality, he is always and everywhere undoubtedly popular with the entire audience. Yet if he were on the Adelphi stage, a human villain, actually seen committing murder, caught as it were on the stage red-handed, and aiding and abetting a variety of other crimes, including the utter ruin of a young and lovely heroine, and all the time cynically jesting about his victims, would he not, while admired for his art, be called before the curtain only to be howled at and execrated for his enormities? Certainly. But why is this not the fate of *Mephistopheles*? That it is not so is evident. The Fiend is popular. There is "no denigrating of it, BETSY." The Fiend is absolutely laughed at as an absurd creation of a satirical dramatist. I suppose if he were not laughed at the drama of *Faust* would be too painful, especially without GOUNOD's music, which in the Opera covers a multitude of sins.

A STUDENT OF GOETHENBURG.



Betting Mephistopheles; or, The Magic Ring-Man.

ABOUT A DAUGHTER OF OPS.

[MRS. BERNARD BEERE resting. All business communications, &c.
Daily Telegraph, April 17.]

DO TH extra tax on spirits make them dear?
Do many wince at extra tax on beer?
"Let beer alone," say they; and this affiche
Suggests the consummation of their wish.
For "BEERE is resting"! All are glad to hear
That "resting" has the best effect on beer.
Great hope for BEERE, although her strength's relaxed.
Gin, stout, rum, porter may
Afford the tax to pay.—
Let this BEERE rest, who has been overtaxed.

MRS. R. SHOCKED.—Her nephew was reading aloud from the *Daily Telegraph* the correspondent's account of the "goings-on" before the Royal Wedding. "Before the dew began to dry," he read, "Princess VICTORIA, with her brother and sisters,—("How nice!" interrupted Mrs. R. "Go on, dear!")—"had started for a ride,—("Charming!" ejaculated our loyal friend.)—"attended by the Master of the Horse, Baron von STARCK"—"Good gracious!" almost shrieked Mrs. R. "Don't pronounce the other word! I'd rather not hear it! I am not up in the fashion of foreign countries, but surely the correspondent might have described him as 'Baron Von in his undress uniform.' But 'stark'—oh no, no!" When it was gradually explained to her she calmed down, but stuck to it that "nobody ought to be allowed to have such a name; and surely his godfathers and godmothers might have got it changed for him. Don't folks often change their name for property?" At this moment a thought suddenly seemed to flash across her mind, and, after a pause, she observed, "But then I am not a Baroness, which makes all the difference."

MRS. MORE-OR-LESSINGHAM.

THE acting in the play called *Mrs. Lessingham*, at the Garrick Theatre, is, on the whole, about as good as acting can be. Of course it happens unfortunately for this particular drama that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* came first, and so rather belittled *Mrs. Lessingham*, and made her *Mrs. Less-and-Lessingham*. As for the scenery, the picture of The High Moor near Castle Glen is certainly one of the finest and most striking examples of scenic art, that is of genuine artistic scene painting, at present to be seen on any London stage. For a long time it will be indeed very hard to beat, and Mr. W. HARFORD is to be heartily congratulated on a real triumph. The dramatic scenes as they stand apart are good though not great; but, unfortunately, the foundation of the piece crumbles away at the first touch of critical analysis. It is said that *Money* is to be immediately revived with a very strong cast, which is to include the BANCROFTS. If there is little interest in *Mrs. Lessingham*, there ought to be a high rate of interest for *Money*. It is in rehearsal; so 'tis not as yet "ready Money." Good omen. Success in view, and "Here we have again!" say Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT.

Abolition of the Upper House.

Conservative.

You'd see without the Lords so gay
St. Stephen's dull and cheerless.

Radical.

Oh, no! for when arrives that day
Parliament will be peerless.

SPORTING TERM, BUT RATHER CONTRADICTORY.—"A Jumping Fixture."



DONNA QUIXOTE.

"A world of disorderly notions picked out of books, crowded into his (her) imagination."—*Don Quixote*.

DONNA QUIXOTE.

The dreamy Don who to the goatherds told
Long-winded legends of the Age of Gold,
Finds a fair rival in our later days;
The newest Chivalry brings the newest Craze.
Dear Donna QUIXOTE—and the sex is dear,
Even when querulous, or quaint, or queer—
Dear Donna, like La Mancha's moonstruck
knight,
Whose fancy shaped the foes he burned to
fight,
Mere book-bred phantoms you for facts mis-
take;
Your *Wanderjahr* will vanish when you-
wake!

Yes, there you sit surrounded by wild hosts
Of warring wonders which indeed are
"Ghosts";
"Doll's-House" delirium sets your nerves
a-thrill,
"Dodo" hysteria misdirects your will;
You yearn—indefinitely—to Advance!
You shake your lifted latch-key like a lance!
And shout, "In spite of babies, bonnets, tea,
Creation's heir, I must, I will be—Free!"

Morbid conceptions born of books ferment
In brains a-burn with febrile discontent!
So the dear Don, with dream-disordered head,
His fancy fired with all that he had read—
Enchantments, contests, challenges, and
scars—

Found rustic Arragon a world of wars,
Windmills fierce foes, and e'en domestic sheep
Destructive demons.

Donna, could you keep
That trim-coiled "hair on"—pray forgive
the slang!—
You do in *Dodo*!—let the fads go hang,
And "realise yourself" in natural sort,
For churls and cynics you should make less
sport.

These shapes are things of mirage and the
mist,
Gendered by genius with a mental twist;
By male hysteria, Amazonian sham,
And the smart world's great *Fin de Siècle*
flam!

See Mrs. Cerberus in your cloudy vision,
Keeping the portals of that Home Elysian
Which cranks now call a Hades! Home,
sweet home?

Nay, 'tis a goal to those who long to roam,
Unshapenroned, emancipate, and *free*,
With the large Liberty of the Latch-key!
Materfamilias and the chaperon grim,
Of watchful eye, firm mouth, and triple chin,
Are Mrs. GRUNDY's brace of stout supporters,
Three-headed guard of our Revolting
Daughters!

You, Donna QUIXOTE, to this ward—or
these—

Would but too gladly play the Hercules,
Urged by the CAIRDS, and CRACKANTHORPES,
and GRANDS!

These demon-weavers of domestic bands,
Who've snared the Daughter of the Day, and
bound her,

As the bard sings, with dark Styx nine times
round her,

Do not exist, dear Donna, save in dreams,
Like QUIXOTE's Caraculambos! Gleams
Of common sense and glorious hope illume
(As dawn's first rosy streaks break night's
black gloom)

The sex's future. The dull despot, man,
Backed by the bondage of the social plan,
Shall not for ever unrestricted sway.
But Donna dear, not by the masher's way,
Or MILL's or the sham Amazons, or CAIRD's
Or HEDDA GABLER's; not through cranks ill-
paired,

Or franchise, or the female volunteers,
EGERTON's fantasies or Dodo's jeers,



ACCOMMODATING.

Jones. "HUL-LO, HANDLEY, OLD BOY! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE. COME ALONG
AND HAVE A DRINK!"

Total Stranger (turning round). "UNFORTUNATELY I'M NOT HANDLEY, BUT—ER—" (wist-
fully)—"MIGHT I HAVE HIS DRINK?"

Shall come the true emancipation. No!
The Heavenly Twins, or *A Grey Eye* or
So,

The Yellow Aster—or the *Yellow Book*,
Latch-keys or key-notes; all the "thrills"
that shook

The Master-builder's minx, or moved a soul
Midway between a maniac and a troll;

Music-hall freedom, laxity in love,
Affinities that range all rites above;
Soul-swell that outgrows marriage, as a
plant

Its pot-bound limitations—all the can'ts
Of culture's cranks, and extra-ethic dolts,
Whose fetish is the Gospel of Revolts,—
Not these shall shed one single lustrous ray
Of light divine upon the bitter way,

Or help with human melody their songs
Who'd "ride abroad redressing woman's
wrongs."

Therefore, dear Donna QUIXOTE, be not
stupid,

[Cupid,
Fight not with Hymen, and war not with
Run not amuck 'gainst Mother Nature's plan,
Nor make a monster of your mate, poor Man,
Or like La Mancha's cracked, though noble,
knight,
You'll find blank failure in mistaken fight.

THE most popular "Clubs and Cliques" of
the present day undoubtedly are the "Golf
Clubs and Cleeks."

AN EVENING WITH A THOUGHT-READER.

The Scene is an Upper Hall in the Suburban Assembly Rooms in which MR. COLIN MAILLARD is about to give an exhibition of his Thought-reading powers. On the platform is Mr. MAILLARD, with a simple apparatus, consisting of a black board and a decanter of water. At the back, on a row of chairs, are the Committee, who have just—after prolonged and complicated consultations such as attend the formation of a French ministry—elected a Chairman. Their general attitude is expressive of acute personal discomfort, combined with a stern sense of duty and dark suspicion of Thought-reading as an imposition which it will be their painful mission to expose.

Mr. Colin Maillard (coming forward). I shall begin with a little experiment which I performed with remarkable success before His Majesty the King of DENMARK and several members of his family. (Several ladies in the front rows smile with pleasant anticipation.)

I am going to ask some gentleman on the Committee to fix his thoughts intently upon some object on this platform. (To a Committee-man.) Will you oblige me, Sir? Thank you. (The Committee-man, having consented, begins the experiment by looking particularly foolish.) When you have settled what it is to be, perhaps you will tell the Chairman—not aloud—and it must be something on the platform, not above it; and you must think of nothing else. I can't make a man think if he won't—or if he can't. (Here, for some inscrutable reason, the Committee-man takes offence, suspects that it is "a catch of some sort," and abruptly declines to have anything further to do with it; whereupon Mr. COLIN MAILLARD expresses his feelings by a disgusted shrug. A second Committee-man nobly volunteers to assist the lecturer, selects an object for private meditation, informs the Chairman in strict confidence, and Mr. C. M., after blindfolding himself, pressing the Thinker's hand to his own forehead, and seizing him by the wrist, proceeds to rush about the platform with a view to discovering the article, while his companion follows him passively, evidently wondering whether he looks as helpless an idiot as he feels. Mr. COLIN M., after much meandering, has made a point at the decanter, which he pats pensively for some time, until he is informed that he is on a false track.) Very well—you're sure you're thinking of nothing else all the time? I'll try again then. (He does, and almost upsets the black board.) Mind, if you don't want me to find it, I can't. (The Thinker assures him that he does want him to find it very much.) I never had so much difficulty in all my life! (He has now worked round to the Committee, and, after some patting and groping, extracts a card from a member's breast-pocket: the Thinker refrains from giving the slightest indication: the audience, who are totally in the dark at present, lose faith in Mr. C. M., who is obviously annoyed and disconcerted.) Am I wrong again? Then all I can say is—eh, what? That is the article? I ask you to tell me when I succeed. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the object thought of, and I have found it, as I undertook to do! (Loud applause from the audience; the Committee reluctantly concede that this is one to Mr. MAILLARD, but seem hopeful of catching him before the evening is over.) Now my next experiment will be of a more interesting character. I shall ask the assistance of some member of the audience who is able to draw. I can't draw myself. Can't draw a bit! But if anyone will think of an animal that he wishes to have drawn, and see it clearly enough in his own mind, I shall be able to draw it blindfolded on this board before you all. Is there anyone here who can draw? (No response.) What, no one! (With pathos.) No one in all this large audience who is able to draw! (The audience look at one another reproachfully, as persons who really ought to have acquired this useful accomplishment.) Most remarkable thing I ever knew in all my life! . . . If you can't draw, I can't make you.

[He regards them with sorrow and pity.]

A Matron (to her husband). What nonsense, Pa! You can draw animals very nicely when you like!

Pa (modestly). Only in a very amateur way, my love. I can do a pig, and so on, to please the children, that's all.

The Matron. Then go up, Pa, only you mustn't make it a pig, or he'll guess it at once.

[Pa rises, amidst applause, and is invited to mount the platform; he mentally selects his animal, and tells the Chairman, who appears to think highly of it. Mr. C. M. blindfolds himself, puts Pa's hand to his forehead, instructs him to hold him lightly by the wrist, and concentrate his whole powers of thought on the animal; they both advance to the black board, amidst intense excitement.]

The Matron (to her daughter). Look, MINNIE, he's beginning to draw! Pa's thinking of a stag—there are the horns—or else it's a goat . . . I don't know, though, it's getting more like a horse now—or an elephant.

Rude Person in a back seat (as the impressionist sketch becomes more complicated at each stroke). Call that a animal! It's a 'ole bloomin' wild beast show!

Minnie. Oh, he's rubbed it all out. What a pity! I'm sure it was going to be like something!

Her Mamma. Pa isn't keeping his mind on it. Ah, they've begun again. Now we shall see. There, I told you it was an eleph—no, it can't be—it's got pointed ears; it's more like a rabbit . . . no, it's got wings . . . Well, I declare he's rubbed it out again!

Mr. C. M. I'm afraid I shall have no chance of succeeding with this particular subject. There are some individuals who are absolutely incapable of concentrating their thoughts for any length of time, and this gentleman appears to be one of them.

[He politely dismisses Pa as convicted of incompetency, and he returns to his seat to find his popularity departed.]

The Matron. Well, Pa, a nice exhibition you've made of yourself!

Pa (with a feeble smile). I rather thought I should puzzle him, my love—it was a rhinoceros.

The Matron. I might have known it would be something ridiculous; you'd better have stuck to a pig after all! (A Member of the Committee has represented himself as able to draw anything except animals, and Mr. C. M. has been reduced to accept his assistance.) Now, Pa, watch this man thinking and see how he does it.

Mr. C. M. (who has rubbed out one design and completed another, which is like nothing in the world except a proposition conceived by Euclid in extreme dosage). I can't get any nearer to it than that. Would you mind drawing your own picture side by side?

[The Committee-man bashfully executes a scrawl, which, as he explains, represents a yacht under full sail.]

Mr. C. M. (to the audience). You see, there is a certain resemblance between the two—only I drew one sail on the other, and mixed the masts up a little. I told you I couldn't draw. (Applause. The Committee waver, though several are still inclined to scepticism. A Coloured Committee-man is requested to choose any lady among the audience to whom he wishes a flower to be presented—whether he knows her or not. He confides his choice coyly to the Chairman. Mr. C. M. is blindfolded and drags the Coloured Gentleman, who is smiling affably, to a lady in the middle of the third row, whom he presents, greatly to her confusion, with a buttonhole.) Mr. Chairman, will you kindly inform the audience whether this experiment was correctly performed or not?

The Chairman (rising with dignity). Quite correct. And also the manner in which the flower was presented was perfectly correct. I may add that the lady is a relation of my own.

[Enthusiastic applause; the Committee regard him as a Lost Leader. Their demoralisation is complete when Mr. C. M. undertakes to write up on the board the number of a bank-note in the possession of the greatest sceptic among them, and actually does it without a single error. The



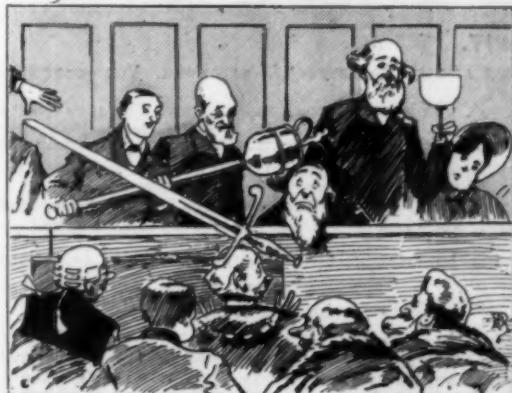
"The Committee-man begins the experiment by looking particularly foolish."

entertainment concludes with an *Amateur Murder*. Mr. C. M. retires to a waiting-room with the Chairman and a member of the Committee. Two other members of amiable and harmless exterior are chosen by the audience as assassin and robber respectively. They select a victim for sacrifice from the spectators, lead him on the platform, where they seem rather at a loss to know how to dispose of him. Finally, one throttles him from behind and stabs him with a pen-knife, while the other holds him up by the heels, and robs him of half-a-crown, which he hides in a hat belonging to somebody in the balcony. The audience express their high approval of the general style and finish of this criminal exploit, and the victim returns complacently to his seat. Mr. C. M. is called back and blindfolded; discovers the victim at once, takes him back to the platform, and repeats the crime in every detail, even to holding him up by the heels; after which he makes an impetuous rush, holding the robber's hand, to the balcony, where he triumphantly extracts the half-crown from the hat. Unanimous applause, in which the Committee, who are now completely converted, join with enthusiasm.

The Chairman. I've only to say on behalf of the Committee, that we are all quite contented; everything has been perfectly above-board and, (solemnly) to myself, inexplicable.

[Cheers, after which the spectators disperse, feeling that they have spent a highly instructive and amusing evening, and that Thought-reading is a science which, if only "followed up," will lead to very useful and practical results one of these days. Pa, however, is of opinion that the entertainment would have been more satisfactory, from a scientific point of view, had the lecturer succeeded in realising his rhinoceros: though—as he admits to being rather hazy as to whether he meant it to have one horn or two, and where its tail went precisely—this objection is perhaps a little unreasonable.

DECIDEDLY QUANT.



WHAT must have been a most interesting ceremony took place at the Friends' Meeting House, York, when the Lord Mayor, who is a member of the Society of Friends, attended the service in state, on which occasion, as appears from a picture in the *Daily Graphic* of April 17, somebody cracked the sword of state on to the head of His Worship sitting below, while somebody else in turn-down collars most unwarrantably whacked the bald skull of a peaceable old gentleman with the official mace!! Some of the excellent Friends must have been inclined to raise a protest against the dramatic action of *Punch and Judy* being introduced within the walls of a decorous meeting house. Their scruples, we may suppose, were ultimately satisfied.

At Kensingtonian Constantinople.

THEN here's to BOLOSSY KI—Here's Constantinople! and of RALFY'S
it
Surpassingly wonderful Show!
How many must wish they had half his
Acumen for making a "go."

I'll say as I'm leaving the door—
KIRALFY! oh great is the Profit!
BOLOSSY! no loss he'll deplore.

"HIGH SPIRITS," AND A "LIMP" PERFORMANCE.—The Upper Angels in the last scene of *Faust* at the Lyceum, and Mr. IRVING's *Mephistopheles*.

THE BOOBYGONE.

(By the Author of "*Don't don't.*")

BOOK I.

SHE sat down in her mother's chair, who was pouring her out a cup of tea (this is my usual arrangement of relative pronouns). Then she went with her uncle for a ride, who disappeared completely afterwards; the first booby gone. Later on her father also disappeared; another booby gone. In fact, all the men in this book are boobies. Lord DAZE was a booby also, who was so very far gone that he asked her to marry him. "I will be your wife," she said, letting her hands drop down by her side. Being a courteous gentleman, he picked up her hands for her. She looked at him steadily—and the elongated chiaroscuro of monotonous meridians had passed from her life for ever. Not long after, at Mentone the blue horizon was, naturally enough, quite weary of her silences and her long glances which showed that her soul had awakened with throbs of surprised indignation.

There is something so English in the London homes of the aristocracy. They are often in squares. Taking them all round, the aristocrats are more in the square than on the square. (Occasional puns do enliven a dull book so much.) The dowager was sitting in the drawing-room wearing Dr. FADD's Patent Hygienic Clothing, which I am happy to advertise here. Then Lady DAZE came in, turning a neat somersault, and they discussed the modern maiden in violent but elegant language.

BOOK II.

STODGIE STUPINSORT was usually in love. Perhaps that is why he was the greatest booby of all. But he had a sincere affection for his mother, and once, when she was lost in the snow, he actually offered to undergo the fatigue of taking off his pumps and putting on thick boots, so that he could go out to rescue her. But he did not really mean to do it, and sat comfortably by the fire. This brave, noble Englishman is the hero of my story. But you will have to wade through a great many episodes before you come to his meeting with the heroine. To fill up the time, she went to Algiers with her husband and Mr. HAMMEAN, another male booby. While he was making love to her, Lord DAZE listened at the keyhole, who then entered and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Allow me to lend you a *Bradshaw*," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"I mean that I ought to kick this man out of the house; but, as he is bigger than I am, I hint at his departure in this courteous and cautious manner."

She stood up with intense anger, and boxed her husband's ears, who went to bed crying.

STODGIE STUPINSORT was very fond of music, and when he heard an organ playing "*E dunno where 'e are*," he thought it was by WAGNER. And then at last one evening he met Lady DAZE. As he was seven foot five she noticed him at once. Soon after he gave her his photograph, who gave him hers. Then she asked him to her box at a music-hall, and he understood nothing.

"Oh!" she said, "it gets easier further on."

Then the band struck up "*E dunno where 'e are*," and STODGIE, flinging his opera-hat in her face, rushed out. Another booby gone. Just about this time Lord DAZE, finding himself useless in the story, died suddenly. Yet another booby gone.

BOOK III.

There is really no need for this book except to fill up. I might tell you all about Prince and Princess TRALALARI, and how they screamed, and behaved generally like Austrian nobles. But it cannot possibly interest you, so I will merely mention that Lord DAZE carefully left some poison in his laboratory, which I have just remembered opportunely, and that his widow, who must have been covered with mud after lying for half an hour on the fresh-turned earth in the churchyard, went back to the tall house. There she turned her last somersault with all her indolent, unrivalled grace of movement, and passed through the study into the laboratory beyond, which is the end. Perhaps she went away into stageland, and joined the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Little Mrs. Lessingham*. Who can tell? Anybody? At all events, not the author. What happened to the other boobies in this story nobody knows—or cares.

"'AVE A NEW PIECE?"—They've got it, at The Avenue. A shawt criticism on it is, "Pshaw! Absurd!"



A READY WIT.

Officious Old Lady. "YOU NAUGHTY BOY!—THROWING A DEAD MOUSE AT YOUR GOVERNESS! I SAW YOU! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!"

Hardened Young Sinner (who has never seen this Officious Old Lady before). "IT'S NOT HALF SO BAD AS WHAT YOU DID, ONE DAY LAST WEEK!"

[O. O. L. beats a hasty retreat.]

"A TEASER TO TACKLE."

"The Budget is unquestionably popular . . . they (its opponents) are rather annoyed at its balance and skill of arrangement."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Marching securely under the guardianship of its thorn-spiked armour the Hedgehog reck little of any foe."—*Wood's Natural History*.]

Bow-wow-wow! Yes, it's very fine a-yelping, and
That plaguey Irish terrier might up and lend a helping hand;
But this varmint is so prickly, and so precious porcupine,
And a tyke's mouth is so tender, and the hedgehog's back so spiny,

Bow-wow-wow!

But the roly-poly rascal little heeds the currish row.

Talk of drawing of a badger or the horny armadillo?
Their backs compared with his are as a soft and downy pillow.
Impregnable at either end, and prickly all around,
This horrid little hedgehog might the gamest dog confound.

Bow-wow-wow!

He'd like to get a hold on him, but doesn't quite see how.

Yap! yap! yap! There's no varmint pluckier, truer,
Than this terrier, the pet and pride of a jovial sporting brewer.
The fiercest rat he'll tackle, and no'er whimper or give tongue;
He'd be backed with his last dollar by each genuine Brother Bung.

Bow-wow-wow!

Is there aught in a mere hedgehog that the champion dog can sow?

Cow? Perish the assumption! He's as bold as any lion, [on.
And there's nothing goes on four legs that his teeth he dares not try
But how are teeth to penetrate that thick cheroo-der-frizzy?
Just let him find a weak spot, and those teeth will soon be busy!

Bow-wow-wow!

But the hedgehog does not seem to care a tinker's cuss, somehow.

Oh, he's artful, awful artful! He is armed at every point,
And his armour doesn't seem to have a vulnerable joint;
An ambulant pincushion makes the awkwardest of foes,
And whichever way you tackle him a needle pricks your nose.

Bow-wow-wow!

How that Witler's tyke would worry him—if only he knew how.

Oh, the creature looks complacent! He has fared so well so far
That, like the hero of the song, "e dunno where 'e are!"
But gewilikins! cries the Witler, give the Witler's dog a chance,
One little sharp look in, and won't he lead the brute a dance?

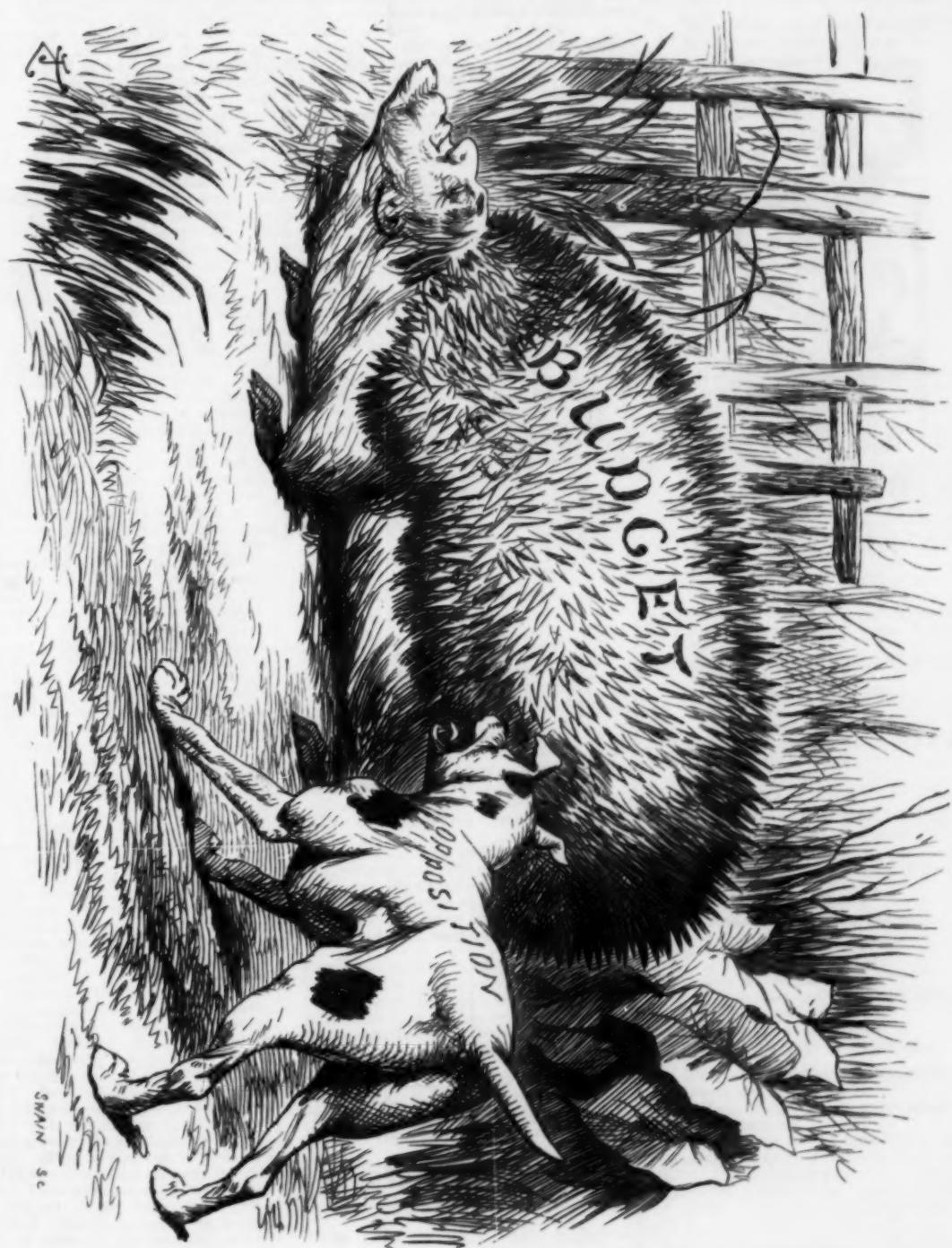
Bow-wow-wow!

They have been circumvented, have these hedgehogs sly, ere now!

"CHURCH AND STAGE."

The Tablet of the week before last, quoting from the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, told us how a certain honour called "the Lectare Medal" had been awarded to Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, of "Daly's," New York and London, by the Very Rev. ANDREW MORRISSEY, President of the University. It is to be presented to the clever theatrical manager on his return, "when The Most Rev. Archbishop CORRIGAN will read the address." Now this is as it should be. In America the Catholic Clergy, "permisso superiorum," can visit the theatres, or at least some theatres, such as AUGUSTIN DALY's, and on these special occasions a Shakespearian play is provided for their entertainment. *Mr. Punch* notices that an extra matinée, "under the patronage of H.E. Cardinal VAUGHAN," at Daly's, is announced for this Wednesday; but H.E. "Vaughan's be theor" in *propria persona*, though he gives his countenance, a decidedly handsome one, to the performance. *Mr. Punch* asks why should not this rational form of recreation be occasionally permitted to the hard-worked, over-taxed, and very poorly paid Catholic Clergy in London? in Manchester? in Liverpool? or in any one of the great industrial centres? The Anglican Clergy, and the Clergy of all other denominations, are free to go to the theatres according to their own sweet will—even though the "Sweet Will" of the occasion in question be not "Sweet WILL SHAKESPEARE," and many of them are to be seen at the theatres, and occasionally at the Opera. Let Eminences consider. "All work and no play" is a dangerous system. They go to their work regularly enough; let 'em occasionally get to a little "play."

SOME COLOUR FOR THE QUESTION.—*The Yellow Book* is the title of the new eccentric Quarterly published by ELLIN MATTHEWS & Co. But will *The Yellow Book* become a generally Red Book?



“A TEASER TO TACKLE.”



COTTON REEL-ISM AT THE ADELPHI.

WHAT may be the details of the plot of Mr. SUTTON VANE's *The Cotton King*, at the Adelphi, I confess I did not follow after the highly satisfactory conclusion of the Second Act, which seemed to me to finish the play. At that psychological moment I was perfectly

content to see Virtue Victorious, and Vice Vanquished! I was well aware that in a previous scene the villain had done something so artful with some property bank notes—very "real property" these—that the much-suffering hero *Jack Charles Warner Osborn*, was bound to be suspected

of having appropriated monies belonging to the firm of *Herbert Fleming, De Fonseca & Co.*, to his own use; but as at the end of the Second Act the villain had been unequivocally "cornered," his crimes exposed, and he himself very nearly killed, and as on that interesting occasion virtue had been triumphant and vice nowhere, there was every opportunity for any little difficulty with regard to the aforesaid property notes to have been cleared up on the spot, had the author and the villain been so minded, to the satisfaction of everybody in the play. But, not a bit of it; no self-respecting melodramatist would dare to deceive a trusting audience in this manner, and no Adelphi Manager with his heart in the right place, which I take to be the Cash-box in the Theatre Treasury, could possibly so trifle with the feelings of an audience as to start an Adelphi drama at eight, and end it by ten. Perish the thought! So in the Third Act the villain is seen going about again just as if nothing had happened, and being received as a visitor by the woman to whom he had been (to put it delicately) so unpardonably rude, that bruised worm as is the heroine *Hetty Drayson* (played sympathetically on the night I was there by Miss JANET AUCHURCH), in the absence of the original interesting victim of villainy, Miss MARION TERRY, who has since reappeared on the scene), even she might have refused to receive this villain of the deepest dye (whose dark black hair and ditto moustache are but an index to his mind) as a visitor, with even ordinary politeness—at least so I should have thought. But no! With superhuman charity she apparently lets bygones be bygones (his victim, *Elsie Kent*, "the pet of the works," who has suffered for the works of the pet, has, since the end of Act II., been laid to rest with her mother in an adjacent churchyard, much to the gentlemanly villain's satisfaction), and in a pleasant, if perhaps a slightly distant manner, she accepts his polite attentions. This atrocious scoundrel, named *Stockley* (played by Mr. EDWARD O'NEILL with as much unconventionality as is permissible in a villain at the Adelphi), is still retained in his responsible position as manager of the Ashton Cotton Works, as if there had never been that one memorable evening when he was publicly denounced by his victim backed up by the heroine, and was then only saved from the vengeance of his own employés by the intervention of *Jack Osborn*!

Then at the end of Act III. comes THE



Sensation Scene, which does "give the drama a 'lift'" with a vengeance. Down it comes with crushing effect! and down comes the curtain amid the ringing cheers of the hitherto breathless audience!

Delightful to see the incomparable *Colleen Baun*, Mrs. DION BOUCICAULT, once again on the scene of her former triumphs, gently representing the heroine's mother. Miss ALMA STANLEY, described as "Servant at the Draysons, afterwards a Strong Woman," sings and dances, in conjunction with that dry humorist, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, with great effect. But what a time "The Draysons" must have had with this handsome singing and dancing chambermaid!! Very funny, too, is Mr. LENNOX PAWLE as the *Reverend Mr. Ponder*, whose rather uneclesiastical conduct makes the judicious wonder what will be "*Ponder's End*."

BRUCE SMITH's scenery is admirable; and the stage management, for which Mr. CHARLES HUDSON is responsible, is about as good as it can be, except in the scene where the dance and song occur, when the persons for whose amusement the two principals are supposed to be performing take uncommonly little interest in the entertainment, which callousness is perhaps pardonable, seeing that the two singing and dancing entertainers so far ignore their audience (on the stage) as to turn their backs on them the whole time!!

Altogether, the dramatist new to the Adelphi shows great skill in designing sensations, and exhibits a *Sutton Vane of humour*.

B IN BOX.

MY CUMMERBUND.

THE sun is blazing in the sky,
The weather is superbly dry,
Thermometers in every street
Are proudly marking "Summer Heat,"
And Nature says with smile jocund,
"Tis time to wear your Cummerbund!"

Away to wardrobe depths remote
Shall speed my winter overcoat!—
Away shall go with hearty shoves
My muffler and my fur-lined gloves!—
Henceforth my cardigan is shunned—
This heat demands a Cummerbund!

Then out from some secluded spot
Discreetly spread with pepper hot
Shall come my flannels fresh and new—
My blazer striped in red and blue—
My hat of straw by summer sunned,
And last—not least—my Cummerbund!

How sweet to pass, in this array,
The glories of the golden day
In drifting on the river's tide,
With some fond maiden by my side!—
I'm sure that little ROSAMUND
Will like me in my Cummerbund.

Pray what is there to laugh about?
You hint that I am getting stout?
This automatic weight machine
Will tell me plainly what you mean—

Confound it! Yes! I'm too rotund
For that becoming Cummerbund!

"THE RING AND THE (PLAY) BOOK."—
"Can you fight?" "No." "No!—then
come on!" This famous quotation is, as
everyone knows, from a celebrated piece in
which the American Actor-pugilist, now at
Drury Lane, ought to have appeared as the
representative of *Box*. The play could have
been appropriately re-titled, *The Pugilist
Box and the Fighting Cox*.

OH, THE MUDDLE OF IT!

(Overheard at an Amateur Pastoral Pantomime.)

He. Well, ANGELINA, I see nothing in it.
I think I must be going, in a minute!



"An Appropriate Illustration, by DANDY WEIRDSEY."

She. You're bored? To you it seems a little
mystic,
But still, you'll own it's awfully artistic!
He. I don't quite enter into PIERROT's
wrongs.
She. Then listen to the Incidental Songs.

SONG I.—*Crocuses*.

High diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
(Fragrance and Colour and Sky,
Almond and Husk,
Cedar and Musk),
O, what a good boy am I!

II.—*Carnations*.

Little Bo-peep,
Has lost her sheep
(Poppies and Heather and Sun,
Moonlight and Shade,
Blossom and Blade),
And so the poor dog had none!

III.—*Heliotrope*.

Little Jack Horner,
Sat in a corner
(Rainbows and Lilies and Laughter,
Silence and Fear,
Heartsease and Tears),
And Gill came tumbling after!

She (enthusiastic). Isn't it beautiful? So
fresh and quaint!
He (sulky). Some people may admire it,
others mayn't.

She. Well, if you don't I take it as a sign
That you are quite a hopeless Philistine!
Why, EDWIN, surely you're not going yet?
He (rising). I must go out, and have a cigar-
ette. [He goes, and returns no more.

ART IN EXCELSIS, "N.B."—The Glasgow Dogberries, as some reparation for their having recently prohibited the exhibition of certain works of the highest classical art, will now request the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford to award to Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Mr. POYNTER, R.A., and Mr. HACKER, A.R.A., "the Nude-ticket prize" between the three.



A CHILD OF TO-DAY.

Edith (studying "The Household Physician"). "MOTHER, YOU'D BETTER HAVE FRED AND BABY SENT OFF AT ONCE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING UP MY SYMPTOMS, AND IT'S MEASLES I'VE GOT—AGGRAVATED FORM!"

TO THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL,
MR. R. T. REID, Q.C., M.P.

DEAR BOB.—Please forgive, if the cheek of it strikes you.
My calling you thus by a name which is short—
Accept this good wish from an old friend who likes you,
Who has seen you in Chambers, and watched you in Court.

A scholar of Balliol, a nailer at cricket,
First-class with the raoquet, first-class in the schools,
You have kept up your practice, as once you kept wicket,
By pluck, skill, good-humour and knowledge of rules.

You have taken hard knocks with the best of good temper,
You have given hard knocks, but have ne'er made a foe;
Is it strange we should hail you with "*floreas semper,*"?
May your honours grow thicker the farther you go?"

You have uttered good sense, Bob, whenever you've spoken,
There are many good chaps, you're the pick of the bunch.
A REID though you be, Bob, you'll never be broken,
But unbond, as before, to your friends—and to *Punch*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

QUOTH the Baron, who has lately been allowed some leisure for novel reading, "I must congratulate Miss BESSIE HATTON on her novel in two volumes, entitled *Enid Lyle*, and published by CHAPMAN AND HALL." Having in his time picked up some little knowledge of the World, the Convent, and the Stage, the Baron can testify to the truthful representation of the two latter divisions; for, though his experience of conventional life is naturally limited, yet his experience of the stage is by no means inconsiderable. The clever authoress's scenes in the world are, here and there, a trifle too melodramatic, and rather suggestive of a telling situation or two in a Drurylanian or Adelphian drama, intended to thrill a sensation-loving audience, than as representing a real situation in ordinary life where the object is to avoid publicity or anything savouring of effect. But the story is thoroughly interesting from point to point, the lovable characters of the tale are drawn with a skilful hand guided by a warm heart and a clear head, and more than once, when the Baron has paused for a while to consider whether the hero of the story, *Alec Meadows*, were not sketched from life, has he murmured to himself meditatively, "'I know that man, he comes from'—" but no, I recommend novel-loving readers to get this book, but I will not give any one of them this clue: suffice it that the 'missing word' is not 'Sheffield.' The Baron fancies that the sketch of the stage-manager—"the stage-manager"—is rather burlesqued. In a theatre such as this whereof *Mr. Alec Meadows* is the proprietor and manager, an unpardonably vulgar 'ARRY as the "stage-manager" is scarcely probable. The Baron does remember such an one, in fact two or three of them, in what were not "the palmy days," but the "cabbagey days" of the drama, when stage-managers habitually used as strong language as did "our army in Flanders," and when a five-pound note was the payment, or, indeed, the highest payment, given to a stock-author for "cabbagging" from the French. What that "stock-author" was, in bygone days, may be gathered from ALBERT SMITH's *Potterton Legacy*, whence the Baron begs to quote the following; i.e., a dialogue between *Mr. Flitter* and *Mr. Shem* the manager and proprietor of a theatre: "There's a charming piece, governor, just out. I saw it at Paris on Friday. Now, look here—it is sure to make a tremendous hit; and if you'll give me a ten-pound note, I'll do it for you off-hand." Then *Mr. Shem* has a look at it and hands it back saying, "I had that piece last week, my boy. I've got it done already. My man Croon has two guineas a week to do all my interludes—eh?" Where are the representatives of *Mr. Shem* nowadays? You must turn to a certain ZOLA-esque English novelist called GEORGE MOORE for a portrait of the modern *Mr. Shem* of the theatrical world; and when found and made a note of, his existence will be denied, and My Lady Bersy Price will boldly say to Mrs. GAMP, the authoress, who may have ventured on the theatrical portrait in question, "I don't believe there's no such a person!" Now the Baron and the Baron's friends do believe that there is such a person as the theatrical manager and actor *Alec Meadows* so excellently portrayed by Miss BESSIE HATTON; and, moreover, that just now he is not by any means an exception to the rule.

Likewise the Baron most cordially welcomes a very excellent little volume, charmingly bound, "And bound," quoth the Baron, "so as to deceive even the elect," entitled *Mémoires Inédits*, gathered together by one Maître WALTER H. POLLOCK, and dedicated to MR. GRAHAM MURRAY. The *Mémoires Inédits* concern a certain "Monsieur le Marquis de —," whose name remains a secret, being writ, as is the little book, with a dash. And what more expressive? for, as the Marquis lived dashingly, so died he with a dash, and all that was left for the tombstone memorialist to do was on his headstone to "cut a dash." The Marquis is delightful. Enter his valet *François*:

"Monsieur le Marquis a sonné?"

[There are some misprinted accents, by the way, which will be corrected in the next edition. For example, "a" is in my copy printed "â." For a less matter a compositor has been shot; or, if not shot, at least, like a gun, discharged.]

"Oui," replies the Marquis, "presque rien. Il me semble que Monsieur de Sarrazère n'aime pas mon vin de Bourgogne. Coupez la gorge à Monsieur de Sarrazère. Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait."

Let me commend this little gem to all readers who trust the word of their friend and literary guardian,

M. LE BARON DE BOUQUINAUX.

AN OLD CLOCK.

WITHIN that old oak case it stands,
Has stood, no doubt, for [ages,
They turn life's book, those ancient hands,

To long-forgotten pages;
No less unceasingly they glide
Still onward o'er the dial,
They still regard not, Time and Tide,
Philosophy's denial!

Our ancestors have surely glanced
Thereon in early morning,
While stately minuets they danced

Not cared about its warning,
Our great-great-grandmother perhaps

Then heard—the thought amazes—[relapse
Our great-great-grandfather Into impassioned phrases!

Ah, ancient clock, for years you will

Proclaim the fleeting time,
And give to other poet's still

Material for rhyme;
Your well-worn frame, your yellow face,

Your ticking, slow and steady, [place
Have made a writer common—Quite eloquent already.

And there, I see, the maker old
Has quaintly carved his name; [for gold,
True workers then cared less
And more for honest fame;

Come, read it... Why—good gracious me!

O fearful blow! The line
Is simply "Made in Germany,"
Date—1889."



UNPARDONABLE FLIPPANCY.

The Old Judge. "YES, I'VE HAD MY DAY. I'VE WARMED BOTH HANDS AT THE FIRE OF LIFE, AND NOW I'M READY FOR MY EUTHANASIA!"
The Indian General. "AH, I'VE HAD MY YOUTH IN ASIA!"

JAUNDICE.

LEAVES—like Autumn leaves—the tint of custard,
Cover like a poultice made of mustard,
General aspect bilious.
Letter-press (with some exceptions) silly;
Sentiment like highly-seasoned skilly,
Posing supercilious.
Sort of neo-Pagan realm of Nox,
Starred with spattering sparks of paradox,
As with guttering rushlights.
Sham Olympian in its sweeping strictures,
Stygian in its smudges drear—called pictures!
Intermittent gushlights
Gloomy gulfs of cocky cynicism.
Give you intellectual rheumatism
With their cramping chilliness.
But, ye gods, the things called "Illustrations"!
Ill-drawn, objectless abominations!
Supernatural silliness!
Freakish schoolboy with a slate and pencil,
"Skibow" with a smudging-brush and stencil
(And an extra "skin-full"),
Might have perpetrated such abortions.
Void of beauty, meaning, charm, proportions,
Sure such waste is sinful,—
Waste of time and trouble, ink, and paper.
Sure if "Art" must play such crankish caper,
Aping the cheap wag's tone,
There's no need to print it—at a crown—
While there is a lump of chalk in town,
And a handy flagstone!

"HAPPY FINALE."—Admiral DE MELLO, that gay young fellow, surrendered last Saturday, and all is well that ends well, at Buenos Ayres. Such is the last Act of this Mello-drama.

THE EARLY GNAT.

PAL as a film of dawn
Wrought by a fairy goldsmith
into shape
To hold *Miranda's* veil of wizard-lawn,
And dower'd with life by potent *Prospero*.
Thou joyest in the sunbeam, to and fro.
So summer-like, I needs must let thee 'scape,
So glad of life—and yet I hardly know.

Thou tiny Uhlan of the Summer host,
What August memories thy music brings
Of river-shades, where now no single spies,
But in battalions, the Gnat Army flies,
Taking with maziest strategy the trouble
To seek an evil reputation's bubble
In anybody's mouth, or nose, or eyes,
And crowns the beaker with its legs and wings,
And settles on th' unguarded neck, and stings.

Herein the tender April light
There seems no threat in that vague, lonely flight,
Transparent being, delicately fair!
"you go.
Perchance 'twere safe to let You might not injure me—I do not know—
But then you might—
So there!" [floor!
Flat as a fairy pancake on the Well, never mind, there'll soon be plenty more.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 16.—Appearance of House recalls historic nights when Mr. G. has had a big Budget in hand. Not a vacant seat anywhere; no passage up the gangways, on which late-comers camp out like pitties waiting to storm the Lyceum on the night when *ELLEN* and *HENRY* came sailing home from Ameriky. Both side galleries full. Camp-stools eke out scanty accommodation for private secretaries and Treasury authorities under gallery. Strangers' galleries packed; the rarely-used seats behind SPEAKER's chair keenly competed for.

The SQUIRE of MALWOOD spoke for over two hours and a half, with that air of chastened resignation he has assumed with his new office of Leader. No more quips and cranks, nor any further setting of the table in a roar. Like all reformed sinners, the SQUIRE is even savagely resentful of people who would make merry in a world like this. Once when a Member opposite, oppressed by the surrounding gloom, broke into something suspiciously like a hysterical laugh, the SQUIRE turned upon him a visage of such awesome reproof that a smiling countenance was abruptly suffused by a dull, stolid stare, put on with obvious intent to convey impression that it wasn't he who had laughed. Amongst Peers in gallery over the clock was a Bishop. The Member for SARK tells me the right reverend gentleman confided to him that when the SQUIRE concluded his address, it was with the greatest difficulty he restrained himself from rising, giving out the Doxology, and inviting congregation to join in its familiar strains. But I don't believe SARK is on speaking terms with Bishop.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shares with the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN and the CONTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD the distinction of having a special dress pertaining to his ministerial office. It is a stately gown, of rich black silk. Remember seeing Mr. G. arrayed in it at the opening of the new Law Courts. Never in any public appearance did he look so well. Why should CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER forego advantage of wearing this gown when expounding

his Budget in House of Commons? It would to-night have admirably suited the SQUIRE and his almost monastic manner of announcing the addition of a penny to the income-tax. His introduction of the death duties to the notice of the House was artistically funeral. As PRINCE ARTHUR said, talking it over afterwards, "you might almost hear across the hushed House the boom of St. Paul's, the sound of muffled drum, or the sadly throbbing recurrence of the minute gun."

Quite so. But there remains the fact, agreed upon on both sides, that in a speech that was a model of lucidity, the SQUIRE presented to the House a boldly conceived scheme, broad-based upon an economically sound foundation. *Business done.*—Budget Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—"This Bannockburn over again," said THE MACGREGOR, surveying the embattled hosts from the heights behind the Treasury Bench. "PRINCE ARTHUR, of course, stands for EDWARD THE SECOND; CAWMEL-BANNERMAN is the BRUCE. Don't know how to fix JOSEPH," he continued, glancing reflectively across the Gangway. "There wasn't any one exactly like him in the early years of the Fourteenth Century."

This, of course, is *poesy*. Plain parliamentary fact is that House is again engaged in struggle round proposal to create Scotch Grand Committee. Ministers say it is a mere nothing, designed

simply to expedite business. Under this muffler the Opposition spy the pearl of Home Rule. Difficult to work up excitement round the subject even when thus presented. JOKIM labours hard, but his blows resound through empty House. CAWMEL-BANNERMAN strictly Scotch in his manner of dealing with the question. JOSEPH, saving himself up for the after-dinner hour, more successful, especially when prodding at his old friend and Round-Table colleague TREVELYAN, J. a person of few prejudices. But he doesn't seem to like TREVELYAN. PRINCE ARTHUR lolls disconsolately on the Front Bench, occasionally interposing to demand another Minister.

This thirst for eloquence from Treasury Bench been the peculiarity of the long Debate. On second night, GEORGE HAMILTON hotly moved Adjournment, because no Minister had immediately followed EDWARD CLARKE. Since then the SQUIRE and PRINCE ARTHUR have sat and watched each other across the table. Whenever the PRINCE has shown disposition to rise, the SQUIRE has hastily thrown in another Minister; upon which PRINCE ARTHUR subsided; Debate went forward for another hour or so; fresh signs of restlessness, and goes another Minister.

Began even before Orders of Day reached. "Is the right hon. gentleman aware?" said PRINCE ARTHUR, fixing the guilty Leader of House with glittering eye, "that no Cabinet Minister has yet replied on the particular Amendment to the Motion for the Scotch Grand Committee now before the House?"

"We will place a Cabinet Minister at the disposal of the right hon. gentleman at an early hour," said the SQUIRE, affecting levity, though he felt it not.

"Reminds me," said PLUNKET, "of story that used to thrill my young marrow when I was in the nursery. All about a father of a family driving in sledge over steppes of Russia, white with the harvest of snow. The wolves come out; father of family touches up horses; wolves gain on him; happy thought; throw out a child; wolves stopping to devour infant, the affectionate but perturbed father gets a start; wolves come up again; out goes another child, plumper than the last; wolves a little longer over the meal, but once more gain on sledge. Forget how many children there were to start with, but remember the anguished father got safely to his home in Smolenski, and received the sympathy of his friends on his successive bereavements. Suppose the SQUIRE will pull through. But he's already chucked out TREVELYAN, the LORD ADVOCATE, CAWMEL-BANNERMAN, and the Solicitor-General for Scotland. Supply must be getting short, and our pack is still in full cry."

Business done.—Battle of Bannockburn still going on.

Thursday.—Back for a while in what E. R. might call prehistoric times. New Members catch the flavour of the old debates round

Irish tenant and landlord. JOHN MORLEY brings in Bill dealing with case of evicted tenants. PRINCE ARTHUR criticises proposal. Then follow HARRINGTON, T. W. RUSSELL, JOHN DILLON, REDMOND, SAUNDERSON, and the CURSORY CARBON, himself a comparatively late-comer on the scene. Curious how at touch of the old topic the old manner asserts itself. JOHN MORLEY, as usual, practical, earnest, really thinking of the interests of the persons, tenants and landlords, concerned in his Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR reaches fuller development of the high tone of statesmanship, as opposed to partisan implacability, which more than once since new Session opened has delighted the House.

Then HARRINGTON steps in, and the fair picture is smirched. With one eye on the hapless peasantry, the other on his parted friends seated below, he loudly declares that he and the patriot band of which he is the ninth part will have nothing to do with this effort to ameliorate the condition of the ruined, starving victims of a political campaign. Don't let them think that, because they're hungry, Parnellites are to be intimidated into, even temporarily, withdrawing from the vendetta commenced in Committee Room No. 15. It's a case of "Pull, REDMOND! Pull, SEXTON!" as SARK observes, and, when the tussle is over, there is not likely to be much of the emaciated tenant left.

Business done.—Evicted Tenants (Ireland) Bill brought in.

Friday.—CHARLES RUSSELL still here, his rainbow-hued bandana flashing under the gaslit roof as he walks to and fro with rapid pace,



"The Doctor (McG—r) Rampant, or Scotland for the Scotch."



THE DANE IN THE HOUSE.

Hamlet (the Dane). "To be or not to be, that is the—*Mr. Sexton (as Gravedigger). "Question!"*

from the Treasury Bench, the hectoring HANBURY got up a controversy on the subject of his professional emoluments, more than hinting that, for the sake of filthy lucre, he had broken an honourable understanding. Sir CHARLES' patience under the trial was supernaturally benignant. LOCKWOOD, who has met him elsewhere, sat amazed, while tears stood in eyes of BOB REID at this fresh testimony, which he is always ready to welcome, of the innate goodness of man.

For fourteen years, through troublesome times, RUSSELL has sat in the Commons, working his way from below Gangway to Treasury Bench. He has taken a prominent part in the fiercest controversy that has raged at Westminster since Corn Law times. The strife has parted friends, and riven families. But on neither side has this foremost champion of Home Rule made a single personal enemy, nor is there in any quarter variation from the regret felt that the House of Commons is poorer by the withdrawal from its ranks of one who in all his Parliamentary relations has preserved the traditions of the chivalrous Irish nature, and in his contributions to debate has maintained the highest standard of a gifted race.

Business done.—Radical raid on COBURG's last coppers repulsed. Would House of Commons rob a poor Duke of £10,000 a year? Like one man—or, to be precise, like 298 men out of 365—House says "No!"

Revision.—Last Saturday the *P. M. G.* gave a sketch of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN as "Beau Joe," and wrote of him as "Beau Brummel." A point was missed: the "mel," which is the sweet part of it, should have been omitted, and the title under the picture should have been "Beau Brum."

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What Commands the Admiration and Homage of Mankind?—Character and Sterling Honesty of Purpose.



THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN INCIDENT IN HIS FIRST CANVASS.

"Tell 'im to CHALK his NAME on the COUNTER, and your FATHER shall ask HIS CHARACTER."

"If I were asked to account in a sentence for his great popularity, I should say it was his great urbanity, his fidelity to true Liberalism, his love of independence, and his unimpeachable character. During his first canvass (about sixty years ago) Mr. Villiers and two friends entered a small shop at Willenhall that had been left in charge of a young girl. On learning their business the damsel shouted upstairs, 'Mother, here's a gentleman as is come for father's vote for Member of Parliament.' To this a voice from above made answer, 'Tell 'im to chalk his name on the counter, and your FATHER SHALL ASK HIS CHARACTER.' 'Thank you, ma'am,' shouted the candidate; after which, turning to his companions, he said, 'Book that for me; I am as certain of it as if it were already given.'—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE TOWARDS INDIA.—Conversations with Skobelev.

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is ONLY possible by the

Aid of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"We ought to be friends. . . . Why shou'd two European Powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? We OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India* (C. MARVIN), p. 68.

EGYPT, CAIRO.

"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have, on three occasions, been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repelled in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the airony overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty. Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.—20th May, 1892.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

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